

# Latin School Register.

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The Shadow of the Hun

Peace and Quiet

The Hot Oven

**OCTOBER**

**1919**

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VOL. XXXIX

No. 1

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# The Latin School Register

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OCTOBER, 1919

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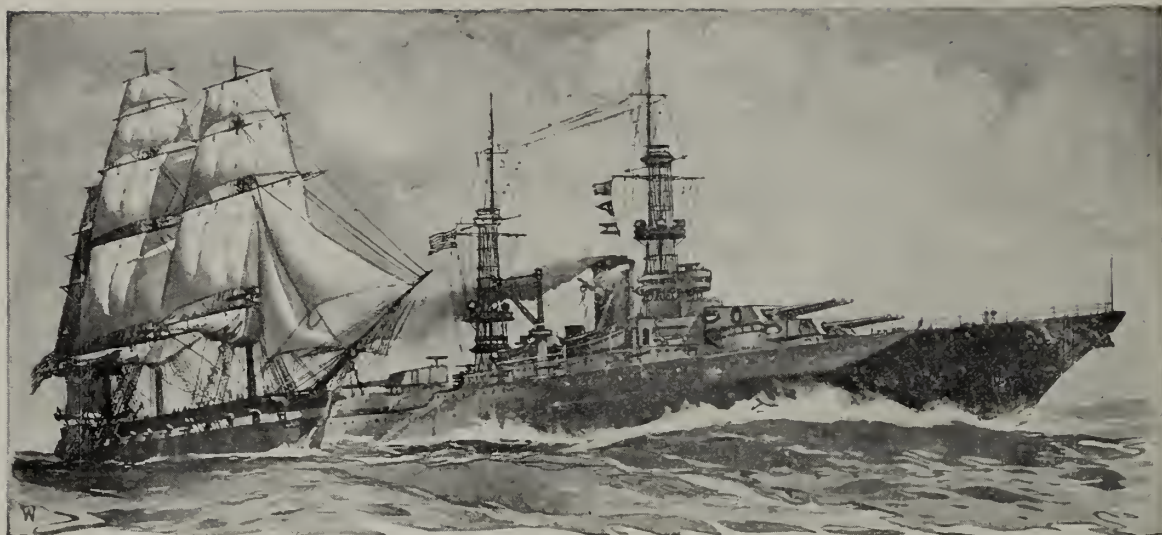
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# Latin School Register

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OCTOBER, 1919

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## The Shadow of the Hun

A STORY OF THE GERMAN SPY SYSTEM

*By F. W. Saunders*

I

ALL was confusion and bustle. The limited train Lynx for Chicago was about to pull out and a deep-throated man was duly announcing the fact, bawling out at the top of his voice so that it surged and swept to every corner of the great waiting room, "Train number sixteen, the Lynx, limited train for Albany, Rochester, Buffalo, Cleveland and Chicago; Pullman cars only; track number two, gate one!" Several moments later, gate one closed with a bang and the guard in attendance was about to turn away when he was accosted by a tall man, well built and still in the flush of youth. "Open the gate quick!" cried the man, somewhat out of breath.

"Sorry, but you're too late," was the reply.

The man whispered something in his ear. At once the guard jerked open the gate and the man darted forward like a stone from a catapult after the train. He caught it just as the last sleeper was about to leave the platform. The porter took his bags and accompanied him to his berth.

\* \* \*

The Lynx was a half hour late and it

was tearing along the track at great speed. One could almost imagine a lynx with its belly close to the ground hurrying greedily after its prey. This Lynx had only one eye, but it threw out a long white beam that lit up the track hundreds of feet ahead. The green lights twinkled in the distance as the huge engine pulling its twelve sleepers behind it rushed headlong into the West. Mile after mile the mighty animal covered, running still at top speed. It spat forth great mouthfuls of cinders that rattled and roared on the roofs of the sleepers. The long steel tracks ran straight as an arrow and the heavy train moved without swaying. Presently an orange light glistened in the distance. Quickly the engineer applied the brakes, and the huge animal began to slow down. Ahead of him the engineer, straining his eyes into the night, discerned a block house indicating a cross road. As the orange light turned to green, the engineer blew his whistle and it sounded as if the Lynx had emitted a deep-throated growl. To the left another whistle sounded but the engineer paid no attention to it, trusting in the signals. He heard the cross track grate and jar beneath him, then a mighty shudder shook the Lynx and the next instant

there was a loud crashing and rending. The engineer, still at his post, jammed on the brakes, and the Lynx, digging its forepaws into the earth, came to a sickening stop.

It was a singular catastrophe. The Lynx had been completely cut in two. Struck in the middle, the three center sleepers were scrap iron. The engine of the other train had somersaulted over the sleepers and was in the ditch several hundred feet away, a total wreck. The baggage car had tumbled on top of the wrecked sleepers and the club car and the first sleeper had telescoped each other on the baggage. The rear section of the Lynx had been hurled from the track but otherwise was undamaged. The front section of the Lynx was also intact. Fire, that once horrible demon which turned wrecks into seething furnaces, was no longer to be feared owing to steel cars. Terror stricken and dazed, the people in the rear sleepers turned out. Among them calm and collected appeared the man who had almost missed the train.

He hurried to the scene of the wreck partly because he wished to be out of the overturned cars and partly because he thought he might be of some assistance. As he neared the pile of tangled wreckage, he stumbled over something soft. He stopped and pulled out a flashlight, playing it on the object. He saw at a glance it was a man. Bending down, he felt of his heart. It was still. The man had been hurled a great distance from the wreck and was killed by the shock. He examined the man carefully and was about to turn away when he noticed a ring on the left hand. Stooping down, he pulled it off. A sharp exclamation broke from him, then, first glancing around to see if anyone were watching, he slipped it on his finger. He listened for a while to make sure that

he was alone, then under cover of the darkness dragged the body of the dead man into the bushes and stripped it of its clothes, carefully examining the contents of the pockets. This done, he dressed the body in his own clothes. The living man found that the dead man had been known as Herr Ekton. He appropriated this name, giving the dead man his own.

## II

When Frederick Weston left the relief train at the Union station, he immediately bought a paper giving a later and therefore more authentic account of the wreck. He pored over the list of dead and injured and to his intense satisfaction found his own name among those who had been killed, but he chuckled to himself as he looked vainly for that of Herr Ekton. His plan had worked to perfection, better even than he had dared to hope, for the unfortunate wreck had dealt the cards into his own hands. He held the joker. Frederick Weston had passed away in name.

Calling a porter, he hurried to a taxi and a few moments later arrived at the Dearborn Street station. At eight o'clock the California Limited slowly left the depot for the land of sunshine and flowers carrying with it the false Herr Ekton, once known as Frederick Weston. Seventy-two hours later, on time to the very second, he left the train at Los Angeles. Handing his bags to the first porter that reached him, he was soon on his way to the address which he handed to the driver, 1806 Oak View Road, Hollywood. Once out of the downtown streets, the big car hummed up the hills and slid smoothly along the straight ways. The business section of Hollywood was left behind and soon they turned into a side road that led up into the foothills. The road became more and more deserted as it wound in and out



among the hills. It was lined on either side with great, tall eucalyptus trees that sent their slim trunks up into the heavens, looking like so many silent sentinels. A mile further on the road began to climb, winding higher and higher. For several miles they had not passed a house and Weston began to wonder if the driver had not taken the wrong road, when, suddenly coming around a large bend, he saw a queer-looking house perched on the top of a plateau-like hill. It was a bright speck of color, and the contrast with the dark green of its surroundings made it seem much more brilliant than it really was. As the machine drew nearer, Weston began to examine the house much more closely. It was built in Japanese style, and the upturned corners of the roofs together with the queer peaks, strange windows, and funny balconies, gave it a decidedly odd look. It was painted in bright hues and the sun shining on it presented a striking picture. Directly surrounding it was a mass of green trees and around the whole estate was a hideous cement wall, very grim looking and foreboding.

The car turned into the side way that led up to the house and stopped before the massive gate that barred further progress. Not waiting for the driver to open the door, Weston jumped quickly out. He took out his bags, paid and dismissed the driver, and then turned his attention to finding a means of entrance. The place seemed deserted but on looking closely he discovered a small door at one side. Walking over to this, he set down his bags and thundered at the door with his fists. At first there was no response and Weston hammered again. Finally the door was partially opened and a surly voice demanded what was wanted.

"Let me in," said Weston, ignoring the question.

"What do you want? I have orders to let no one in," was the reply.

Without wasting time on parley, Weston threw himself against the door but once inside he was confronted by a wicked-looking automatic.

"Get out!" said the man between clenched teeth.

"Wait a moment," answered Weston as he quickly slipped off the ring he had taken from the dead man's hand, and holding it so the doorkeeper might see the engraving on the inside.

"Enter," said the man, putting up his weapon, and without another word he picked up Weston's bags and motioned for him to follow. As Weston walked up the gravel path toward the house he had good opportunity to examine the surroundings. There were the ever present eucalyptus trees and a riot of shrubs. Scattered here and there were tea pergolas. Weston wondered why there were so many of them but he soon dismissed the thought from his mind. On reaching the house he was shown into a sort of private office. Here his guide left him and Weston sank into a chair. He had not been seated more than a few moments when a door at the other end of the room opened. A heavy-set man entered. The never-forgettable Teutonic aspect was stamped on his features and his hair and mustache bristled with military ardor. When he smiled, he failed to show that good humor and well feeling that fat men generally display. Taken as a whole he resembled a huge boar. He threw himself somewhat heavily into a chair and with a sort of self-satisfied grunt began to speak.

"Well, you have come?"

"Yes," answered Weston, slipping off the ring, as he had done a few moments before and passing it to the other man. The German examined it carefully.

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# The Editors' Page

VOLUME XXXIX. No. 1.

OCTOBER, 1919.

ISSUED MONTHLY

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|---|----------------------------|
| FRANCIS WENDEROTH SAUNDERS.....             | EDITOR-IN-CHIEF            |
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| N. F. STUART.....                           | SPORTS                     |
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| W. H. RICE.....                             | } CLASS II EDITORS         |
| J. A. S. CALLANAN.....                      |                            |
| H. R. ROBINSON—ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGER } | } CLASS III EDITOR.        |
| TO BE APPOINTED.....                        |                            |

## ROME AND THE MOB

THE close of the World War marked the beginning of a mightier struggle, a struggle that has smouldered in the hearts of men to leap at last into flame fanned by the ignor-amuses of a hell-bent land, Russia. Not that the United States is accepting Bolshevism with open arms, but that it is allowing this disease to take root stealthily while the victim tosses in a troubled sleep. The United States has reached the cross roads. Whether it will elect to follow the way that Rome did, is a question to be decided in the near future.

Rome, once the mightiest nation of the earth and ruler of the world, has vanished the way the crumbling empires did before it. In the early days of the city Rome was a model of frugality and of democracy, a democracy with legislation. As time went on, the reins of government passed into the hands of an idle mob, a mob swayed by every evil passion of vice, a mob swayed by the gain and wealth of the rich, a mob seeking ease and willing to sacrifice everything for it. The public offices dominated by this mob ceased to be anything but dens of graft. The

mob unknowingly paved a way for a monarchical government that was to sear them with civil war and to grind them down into the dust.

Now, to be sure, the profiteering element in Rome did in fact help to ruin it fully as much as the mob, and this country is in somewhat of the same position. The government is between the devil and the deep sea, torn by Capital and racked by Labor. While the government is attempting to deal with the profiteers, is it unreasonable to ask Labor to desist from its attacks in the form of strikes? Does it not seem clear that a raise in wages means a raise in the cost of living? A recent episode in a certain city shows that some of the people are forgetting that democracy should be based on law. Can these people not realize that in the end they will pay the bill and more too? The way of the mob at Rome and the rabble at Paris in 1795 have led to a monarchical rule. The liberty and justice dear to the heart of every real American is at stake. What has the rule of a loot-crazed mob in Russia led to?

Certain classes of people unknowingly

*(Continued on page 20)*



## Peace and Quiet

*By C. H. Gushee*

I  
THE creak of the brakes sounded with a shrill squeak, as the long morning train drew to a stop before the little station of a genial old country town. There stepped from the train five young, hale and hearty specimens of humanity known in society as college students. June exams had just passed. Work was over and play was ahead, and they yearned for a jolly good time during their day's stop-over at the paternal mansion of one of their number. After they jumped, the train rolled on, and when it stopped, they stood by the baggage car. Boxes upon boxes flew through the air and landed with a bump on the station platform. One box marked "FARM MACHINERY, HANDLE WITH CARE" landed with an exceptionally heavy bump, and some liquid oozed forth from the cracks.

"Here's a box of machinery for Farmer Brown, leaking, and to-day's the second of July." Laugh after laugh followed this announcement and just as if they had done more than merely see the liquid, they departed in a high spirit of joviality. On their way homeward they stopped at the village general store where everything from groceries to shoes, and from sewing machines to sodas was sold. They preferred the latter and during its consumption, one of the boys drew the old store-keeper aside and mysteriously informed him that Brown had some stuff come in that day. The venerable vender of goods remained deep in thought for some moments before he happily remembered that Brown had ordered some groceries which

had to be delivered that evening. Thereupon he patted his young friend on the back and gave him a bag of assorted candy.

Thence onward they went their way until they met a person who wore a large star conspicuously on his coat.

"Mornin' constable. Fine day, isn't it?" remarked the native son of the town.

"Fine," returned the village police department. "I'm pretty busy these days enforcing that prohibitory statute. By the way you haven't heard of anything around here, have you?"

The native son glanced stealthily about him, mysteriously muttered the laconic message, "Farmer Brown," and stalked nervously off among his fellows. Arrived home, the boys were welcomed cordially, and succeeded in overcoming a formidable repast. After that they lounged about some time before venturing forth. If one had been in a certain room in the house at that time, he might have seen a short, stout young fellow load an ancient six-shooter with blank cartridges and carefully conceal it on his person. His face from ear to ear was one broad, expansive smile as he glanced over the cruel weapon of pleasure.

When this operation was successfully completed, he strolled leisurely forth, but could not refrain from taking one last lingering look at the pistol. Caught in the act! One of his companions bearing a seriously foolish face had seen him. He was perforce let into the secret, and strange to relate, his serious mind rose

to the occasion. He whispered a few words. Their eyes searched the room, and finally centered on the writing-desk. Next time it was needed the bottle of red ink couldn't be found.

## II.

In the usual way our young friend obtained some slight pecuniary reward from the "old gent." This was received in the form of a check and an expedition was instantly set on foot to exchange it at the bank for more easily dispensed cash. They were proceeding hastily toward the village bank, when their progress was arrested by the minister of the church.

"Well, well! So you are back from college, my boy, and these are some of your friends, I presume, all in the flowery days of youth. I should be delighted to call on you this evening."

An idea suddenly popped into the head of the boy in the flower of merry youth, the character of which was reflected by the mischievous twinkle in his eyes as he replied, "Why, really sir, I would be very much pleased to see you and I know my friends would be even more so, but we had planned to visit our friend Mr. Brown this evening. Perhaps we might have the pleasure of seeing you there." The clergyman readily accepted the proffered invitation and passed on.

The boys soon arrived at the bank building. From there they could easily see the Brown homestead, for it was only separated from the bank by an orchard in which were many trees of rosy cherries. They could see Brown in his yard. He was carefully counting and recounting his chickens. At the end of each count, he perplexedly scratched his head. Something was evidently wrong. Had the farm machinery already been delivered?

They entered the bank. Everything

was in a flurry. It was a rush hour indeed, for here were two people in the bank at once. A new night watchman was being engaged amid numerous promises of sterling faithfulness, and explanations of his marvellous good qualities. He was finally accepted, and agreed to guard the bank from all intruders that very night. In due time the check was exchanged for money, and the rest of the afternoon was spent in sightseeing in a village without any sights. However, because of the bank's aid, this was easy.

That evening, time weighed heavy on their hands. Hidden away in the brain of one fellow was a picture of luscious cherries. Suddenly, as mental thoughts sometimes do, this picture flashed into his memory. He at once reminded his companions of the orchard between the bank and Brown's. When darkness came on, all started in that direction. This time however, they kept to the fields away from the road.

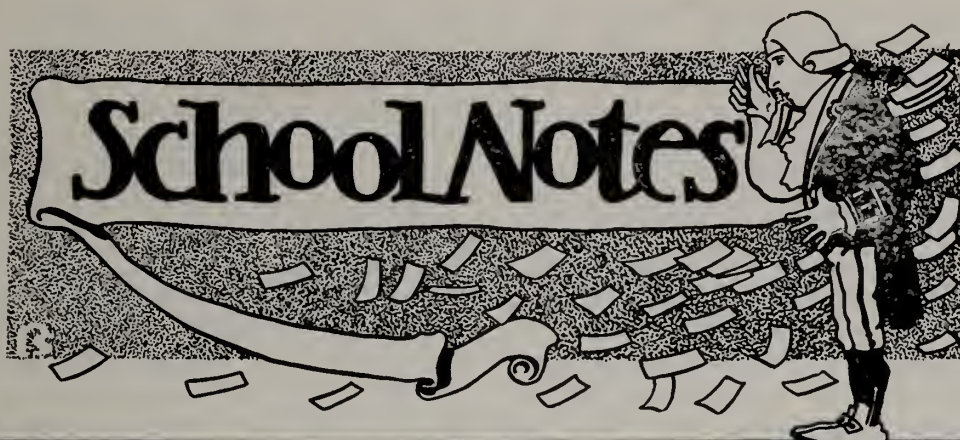
The village grocer with a package of goods under his arm set out for Brown's, too. He did not notice the constable walking in the same direction a little way behind, nor did the latter see him. At the gate the grocer paused. He began to go over in his mind the conversation he had prepared. Suddenly the form of the constable appeared. The grocer looked up and started. The constable was plainly ill at ease.

"Just delivering some goods, sir," said the grocer.

"Well, well, just the man I need. I'm going to swear you in as a deputy to help me search these premises. Now er—er—, hang it, I never could remember them words. Well anyhow, er, raise your right hand and say 'I do'."

"I do."

*(Continued on page 18)*



A. W. Marget, who graduated from this school in 1916, ranked fourth among all Harvard students last year. He received 8 A's, and 1 B.

On July 30 last, Mr. Kennedy, master of Room 23, was married to Miss Josephine Curran of Dorchester.

Here's to Coach O'Brien and the football squad! May they have the best Thanksgiving of their lives!

Arthur Woods, Police Commissioner of N. Y. City, and Assistant to the Secretary of War, graduated from the Latin School in 1888.

Funeral services were held Sept. 16, at King's Chapel for George Schunemann Jackson, who died in France, Aug. 2. Jackson attended the Latin School 1895-1897.

Henry M. Williams, who graduated from this school in 1881, is Vice-President of the New England Division of the Associated Harvard Clubs.

\* \* \*

The glee club is the first of our clubs to get under way for the coming year. The first meeting and election of the secretary was held September 29th, and rehearsals will be held every Monday afternoon. The club will sing at the Public Declamations and on other special days. Mr. Kelly deserves great

credit for his work in developing last year's club, and we know that this year's will be even better.

The debating club has prospects for an excellent year. The interest it aroused last year, its first, was great, and it is expected that it will be even more popular this year.

The classical club will soon be holding meetings. We hope it will receive the strong support it merits.

This paper is supposed to be published by the pupils of the school. In fact it is published by a few boys who are on the staff. Where is the rest of the school? Last year two stories were turned in by pupils not on the staff. You, yourself, write a story. Don't laugh. You can, but you don't try. Show that this school has some literary ability and don't make us do all the work.

\* \* \*

#### REGISTER ROOM REPORTERS 1919-1920.

##### Room

1. Frederick Cowan
2. John McGovern
3. Arnold P. Beverage
4. George Hughes
5. John H. Wright
6. James L. Carroll

(Continued on page 17)



## The Hot-Oven

*By Lyman B. Owen*

COURTNEY Holmes, son of Judge Holmes of Plattsmouth, Nebraska, and nephew to the mayor of the same place, leaned back in a well-cushioned arm-chair as if to gain a moment's rest from the horrible aspect the pages of Virgil's Aeneid presented to his weary eyes. In his imagination he could only picture the poet Virgil as a red-eyed, precocious being of over-studious habits and oblivious of everything else in the world but the wanderings of some fellow whom he called Aeneas, who was nothing better than a fairy and cried every time anyone stepped on his precious ambition. He had had enough Latin and would drop it tomorrow without his father's knowledge or consent, he finally decided. Giving the despised book a fling onto the table, he got up and turned his attention to the sporting page of the evening paper. The football notes called his attention to the fact that he had not yet arranged with Harry Stevens for next Saturday's football game; so, grabbing his cap, he slipped quietly out of the front door and down the street.

Judge Holmes presided at the court-house whenever a case came up, and, besides his office as judge, he was part owner of the Platte Brick and Terra-Cotta works which employed some thousand workmen. The labor situation in Plattsmouth as well as in all the other cities and towns of the United States, was at a very critical stage. Employees had already struck twice, and the employers had in turn stretched the payroll as far as they could and still make a reasonable profit. Now it seemed as though a third strike was

imminent, and Judge Holmes was in perplexity as to the course of action to be pursued by him and the other owners of the brickworks.

As Courtney passed the court-house, he turned and changed his direction toward the smoky vicinity of the brickworks where Harry Stevens lived. It happened that his path led directly through a portion of land owned by the Platte Co. Passing a low shed and a large pile of bricks, he stepped out on an open field that stretched from the factory buildings themselves to the railroad tracks.

Not a sound broke the spell of the misty night as the youth traversed the field. His thoughts were turned to the planning out of the football game next Saturday, and he was repeating the signals as well as recalling the trick plays which were to be made. Suddenly he stumbled over a brick. The jolt brought back his wandering thoughts to earth. From behind he seemed to hear the sound of footsteps cautiously following him. The sounds became fainter and finally ceased. Then a door was slammed shut and the same stillness prevailed as before. For a minute or two Courtney remained motionless, not knowing exactly what to do. He knew that the only person who was supposed to be on the premises at night was the night watchman, who hardly ever left the office building, as the only valuables that could be stolen were kept there. All thoughts of football had vanished from his mind at the sound of footsteps and he now recalled the critical condition at the mill and the threatening strike. Had the mill belonged to some-

one whom he knew nothing about, he would undoubtedly have paid little or no attention to the occurrence, but the thought that his father owned a large part of it, compelled him to retrace his steps and investigate. Situated about one hundred yards from the main office building was the long low structure which contained the ovens where the bricks were baked. Its ivy-covered sides afforded ample room for concealment. As Courtney approached this edifice, sounds were plainly distinguishable within; so, thinking to conceal himself, he stole cautiously along the leafy wall until he came to one of the openings where the bricks were shoved out on trays and loaded on small hand-cars to be distributed to the different piles. A heavy iron door separated the large cement sill from the oven. This door was nearly a foot thick and was lined on the inside and out with heavy asbestos in order to hold the heat. The youth found himself facing one of these sills, and, hopping on it, he placed his hand against the sliding iron door to see whether or not it was hot—that is, he tried to place his hand against it, but it encountered only space. Something was certainly the matter. The door was wide open! The cement floor responded cold to his touch, and instantly he remembered that one or two of the ovens were constantly out of use. Then, like a crazy goat running into the slaughter house, he instinctively crawled into the huge cavern hoping to hear what was going on inside through the grated entrance. He had no sooner entered than the iron door behind him shut with a thundering bang.

Courtney was instantly filled with horror. The grates in the big iron door on the inner side of the oven were shut fast. Through those thick walls no human sound could penetrate. Imagine

yourself in such a predicament; shut up in a great black cavern, like a mouse in a trap, with no means of communicating your plight to anyone and—what was too horrible to think of—a possibility of the fire's being started in the morning.

\* \* \* \*

Let us leave the lad in his dark prison and turn to an anxious father. As the night wore on and early morning came, the sleepless parent dressed and left the house just as Courtney had done five or six hours before. Knowing that Harry Stevens was one of his son's most trusted friends, he set out, although he was unaware of it, in the lad's own tracks.

After much ringing of the doorbell, Harry at last appeared in the doorway. The judge's inquiries were fruitless, for Harry assured him that he had not seen his son since school let out that day. At last, after seeking out other boys, he returned home unable to account for the mysterious disappearance of his boy and determined to await the worst.

The story would not be complete if the doings of two other men that night were not followed closely. About 8.00 p. m. a man had emerged from a house on a street, the dirt and debris of which foretold the fact that it was in proximity to the manufacturing district of the town. He made his way down the sidewalk a short distance, entered another dwelling, and reappeared busily engaged in conversation with another individual. They continued to talk in low tones while they walked the length of the street, climbed over a fence, and crossed the railroad tracks which Courtney was at that very moment approaching. Then, proceeding around the other side of the shed from which Courtney was at that time, they entered the long oven-house, carelessly slamming the door behind them—an occurrence which has been mentioned

before in the narrative. As the lights were snapped on, the figure who had first left his abode might be recognized by anyone who knew him as "Crab" Cory, foreman of the plant, and the latter, judging by the tones in which Cory addressed him, was expecting to be engaged at the mill as a fireman next day.

"You will have charge of this oven tomorrow, Smitty, and I advise you to have the dial up to eight or nine when the boss comes down at nine o'clock," directed Cory. As he spoke, he pushed down the automatic lever which raised the huge outlet door. "That's the way you raise the outlet," he added. Then, as if forgetting to shut it, he passed on to the next furnace where the fire was going but was checked, and explained the working of the drafts. As they were leaving the building, Smitty noticed the uplifted lever and quickly lowered it. The door struck its rest with a heavy thud that shook the whole structure.

About the hour of nine next morning, Judge Holmes emerged from his house to consult the sheriff. No news had come of Courtney's whereabouts through the long hours of the night, and the Judge had at last decided that it was high time to start an investigation.

"Haven't heard a thing about your boy, Doc," replied the sheriff, using his usual sobriquet. "If I had, I'd sure have let you know by now. However I'll call in Jeff and Little, and we three'll see what we can do about it."

Smitty kindled his fire three times that morning before he could make it burn successfully. He had just finished his third trial when the judge appeared on the scene. After an interview with Cory he left the building and started to make his way along the tracks

which ran by the side of the structure. Suddenly he stopped. A white object protruding from under the outlet door that Courtney had crawled under the night before had caught his eye. Walking up to the sill, he examined it closely and gave vent to a startled exclamation for on one of the corners was embroidered in fancy work the initial "C." The old gentleman sailed around the corner of the building so fast that his feet, which weren't what they used to be, skidded from under him, and he was forced to alight none too slowly, using his spinal extremity as a bumper. Hastily picking himself up, he entered the building like a race horse.

"For heaven's sake, Cory, check your furnace!" he exploded.

He rushed to the door of the oven and with the strength of a maniac hurled it open. All the men in the mill had by this time gathered around Smitty's furnace. Their amazement was indescribable when they saw a pallid-faced figure lunge forward out of the oven and fall into his father's arms. Big drops of sweat stood on his forehead. The lad fainted away, just as his father caught him, completely exhausted from the tickle-toe he had been doing for fully fifteen minutes, to keep his feet from being scorched. The workmen soon brought him to with cold water and he was brought home at last a more serious and a wiser youth.

A literal hot-oven was his penalty for being unable to stick at his studying when he was supposed to be doing it, and a little handkerchief was the only link that saved him from a most torturous and terrible death. It was a lesson that barely escaped being a tragedy—and a horrible one to think of, at that.



# Football News and Notes



*By N. F. Stuart*

THE football season for 1919-1920 was opened on Tuesday, September 9, 1919, with a football meeting and about fifty candidates were present. Coach O'Brien outlined the plans for this season. The appearance of the candidates, and the enthusiasm shown, augurs well for a successful season.

We are fortunate in that we have lost but four men from last year's team. A. Malley, Captain and fullback, Dullea, center, Ham, tackle, and Harkins, quarterback, are no longer in school. While all were exceptionally good players, there is no reason to feel that, from the material on hand, these vacancies cannot be properly filled.

As a nucleus for a good eleven, the school has Capt. Kiley, one of the best drop-kickers and all around football players in the schools. His qualities as

leader have been shown in past years, and he will, no doubt, captain an eleven which will bring credit to the school. The other letter men who have returned this fall are: Campbell, Chase, Cleary, Doherty, Donovan, Hill, Johnstone, Koplow, MacMillan, Malley, Phinney, Samuels, Scheffrain, Stuart, and Wilson. The veterans seem to be in excellent physical condition.

Ellis, who was ineligible to play last season, will be available this year and he will, no doubt, be able to fill one of the vacant positions. He is an excellent punter and drop-kicker.

Johnstone, the plunging half-back, returns to school with an increase of twenty pounds weight, which means that opposing teams will find him a hard man to stop on line plunges.

Cleary, who played guard on last year's team will, no doubt, be moved

into the position left vacant by Dullea.

Campbell will be called upon to run the team. As second string quarterback last year he showed great possibilities, and with the benefit of a year's experience he will fill the place made vacant by the graduation of Harkins in a manner that will bring success to the team.

There are several good candidates to fill the vacant guard and tackle position. Of the regulars who played in the line last year are, Donovan, Koplow, Malley, and Doherty. Both Donovan and Koplow proved their worth, and will, no doubt, play a stronger game this year. Malley's and Doherty's ability as end runners, and in open field work is so well known that there need be no fear that there will be any weakness on the ends.

After the rumors which went about the school last year that Mr. O'Brien intended to resign as coach, we were all very much relieved to learn that these rumors were unfounded, and that he is to coach the teams another year. His knowledge of the games, and his ability to get the best out of boys, convinces us all that the Boston Latin School cannot afford to lose Mr. O'Brien's services.

While at the present time the prospects for a winning team are very bright, we must not lose sight of the eternal bugaboo, which has played havoc with some of our best teams in times past. We refer to the eligibility rules. All of the high schools are supposed to have eligibility rules governing the playing of athletes, but somehow or other some of the schools have a way of overcoming this bugaboo, and men who are supposed to be lost to the team for the rest of the season are found in their places when they line up against Latin School; while in our case, when one of our men is de-

clared ineligible, that is final; he is lost to the team. For that reason let every candidate for the team make sure that he does not neglect his studies while out for practice, so that when the whistle blows on Thanksgiving Day for the English High game, Coach O'Brien will be able to put on the field the eleven best men to represent the school.

Let every man who is interested in football and likes the sport, come out and try for the team. No one should be discouraged because there are so many letter men left over from last year. It has been truly said that a football team is no stronger than its substitutes, and it may be your good fortune, though only a substitute, to be sent into a game and the opportunity may come to you to distinguish yourself.

Report regularly at practice. Work faithfully, and Coach O'Brien will do the rest.

John Harkins '19, a member of last year's football, and championship relay team, has entered Dartmouth College. We should not be surprised to hear later that he has distinguished himself in athletics.

A. Malley '19, Captain of football and baseball teams, and proud possessor of eight "L's," has entered Georgetown University. There is no doubt but that Malley will be one of the stars of that college.

Harold G. Stuart '17, member of the 1916 football team, 1917 crew, and Manager of the 1917 championship hockey team, has been released from the U. S. Naval Service, and intends to return to Boston University. During the war he was a chief petty officer and later an ensign.

Ralph C. Crowley '17, President of the Class of 1917, member of two football teams, and Captain of the champion-

ship hockey team, intends to return to Boston University this fall. During the war he served as a chief petty officer in the United States Shipping Board.

\* \* \*

## FOOTBALL SCHEDULE

Sept. 27—Groton  
Oct. 4—St. Mark's, Southboro  
Oct. 8—Hyde Park  
Oct. 13—B. C. High, Fenway Park  
Oct. 18—Medford High  
Oct. 24—Weymouth  
Oct. 31—Commerce, Fenway Park  
Nov. 7—Quincy High  
Nov. 14—Dorchester  
Nov. 21—M. A. H. S., Fenway Park  
Nov. 27—E. H. S., Fenway Park

## COME AND ROOT!!!

### GROTON 13. LATIN 14

The opening game of the season for Boston Latin was played on Saturday, September 27, with Groton school. The result was a victory for our school by a very narrow margin, the score being 14-13. This is the largest score made in a contest between these schools for several years. As a matter of fact, for the last four or five years the games have resulted unsatisfactorily, in as much as both teams were unable to score. It is a good omen that the team starts its schedule with a victory, even though by so slight a margin.

Fumbling, and poor handling of the ball, which is to be expected at this stage of the teams' development, figured in some of the scores. These are faults which will be eliminated before the season is much farther advanced. Malley scored both touchdowns and Capt. Kiley kicked the goals. Malley, Capt. Kiley, and Johnstone excelled for Latin, while Capt Bradford, by his two long runs, brought scores for Groton. Ellis was unable to play on account of an

injury received in practice, and his place was ably filled by R. Doherty. Latin starts the season with a victory and the future prospects of the team look very bright. The lineup:—

| GROTON                                    | LATIN                    |
|---|--------------------------|
| Dibblee r.e.....                          | l. e. Malley             |
| Wheelock, Lafarge r.t.....                | l. t. Phinney            |
| J. Morris r. g.....                       | l. g. Donovan            |
| Bradford, Ashburn c.....                  | c. Cleary                |
| Taylor, Bingham l. g.....                 | r. g. Mutrie             |
| Story l. t.....                           | r. t. Koplow             |
| Clark, Duncan l. e.....                   |                          |
| .....                                     | r. e. J. Doherty, Hurley |
| Hammond, MacVeaght,                       |                          |
| Gardner q. t. ....                        | q. t. Campbell, Samuels  |
| Harlow, Tymthron r. h. b.....             |                          |
| .....                                     | l. h. b. Johnstone       |
| C. Morris, Field l. h. b. ....            | r. h. b. Kiley           |
| Van Rensseler f. b.....                   | f. b. R. Doherty         |
| Touchdowns: Malley 2, Bradford 2.         |                          |
| Goals from touchdown: Kiley 2, C. Morris. |                          |

## NEXT MONTH

## FOOTBALL ARTICLE

BY

## COACH O'BRIEN

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## DOING HIS SHARE.

Private Stalate—"So your sister keeps you well supplied with pocket-money?"

Tommy—"Yes."

Private Stalate—"I presume you render something in return?"

Tommy (yawning)—"O yes, I have to come in and yawn when visitors stay too late."

\* \* \*

## GRAVE INDISCRETION.

Miss Primme—"I should think that man would find a better place than a park bench to take his girl when he wants to make love to her."

Mr. Hardfax—"It is reckless. Just think of the witnesses she might have planted in the bushes right behind him."

\* \* \*

## SMALL HOPES

She—"Do you think we will ever save up enough money to get married?"

He—"Not unless we break off the engagement."

\* \* \*

## TOO LATE.

"I'm going to the ball game this afternoon. I'm anxious to see our new ball player."

"My dear, it won't do you a bit of good to go. I saw by the papers that he died trying to steal third."

## ELEGANT EASE.

"I believe in standing up for my rights," said the vigorous citizen.

"I don't," replied the socialist. "I believe in lying in a hammock in the shade and having my rights brought to me on a silver tray."

\* \* \*

## RETAINING THE TROPHIES.

Jane—"Why didn't you return Jim's ring and present?"

Joan—"I regard them as spoils of war taken in my first engagement."

\* \* \*

## BEST THERE WAS.

"Can you direct me to the best hotel in this town?" asked the stranger.

"I can, but I don't think I will," replied the departing visitor.

"Why?"

"Because you'll call me a liar when you've been there half an hour."

\* \* \*

## CORROBORATION.

Little Dick, to Visitor—"Have you really left all your songs at home, Mr. Hobson?"

Visitor—"Yes, Dickie. But why do you keep asking me the same question?"

Little Dick—" 'Cos mummy says it's too good to be true."

## NOT IN THE BALDHEADED ROW.

Church—"Did you see the big parade?"

Gotham—"I saw part of it."

"What part did you see?"

"I saw the caps of the men who were on horseback."

\* \* \*

## A REAL SAFEGUARD.

A house agent was showing a possible tenant over a house. The moisture was running down the wall and all the fixtures were green with mould. "It's a bit damp isn't it?" remarked the prospective tenant doubtfully. "Damp! Of course it's damp!" exclaimed the agent triumphantly. "Just think what an advantage that would be in case of fire!"

\* \* \*

## A COLOR SCHEME?

Why does a Red cow, which eats Green grass, give White milk, which turns into Yellow butter?

\* \* \*

## A CHEERFUL PROSPECT.

Mrs.—"I found an egg in the coal bin this morning. That's a queer place for a hen to lay it."

Mr. Hornby—"Just the place my dear, just the place. If our hens begin to lay in coal for us we won't need to mind how the price goes up."

\* \* \*

## NO COMPLIMENT IN THAT DIRECTION.

"I told Mr. Beach I was 28, and he said I didn't look it."

"Well, you don't; you haven't looked it for 15 years."

\* \* \*

## KNOWS BETTER NOW.

"Do you know anything about flirting?"

"No," he replied, sadly, "I thought I did, but when I tried it, the girl married me."

## SCHOOL NOTES

(Continued from page 9)

7. Charles F. Stack
8. Oscar Segal
9. R. E. Walsh
10. Max Cornblatt
11. Eugene C. Glover
12. Philip J. McCaffrey
13. Myron S. Silbert
14. Norman S. Rabinovitz
15. Frank B. Kennedy
16. J. A. S. Callanan
17. George B. Rossman
18. C. J. A. Kalinauskas
19. Edmond T. O'Brien
20. J. W. Hopkinson
23. Ralph P. Rudnick
24. Arthur Kimball
25. Gerald Thorne
26. M. H. Leahy
27. M. D. Hirshon
28. C. W. Knox
29. Arthur F. Blake
30. George F. Potier

Just before going to press the "Register" learned that the officers of the first class are: W. E. Collins Jr., President; J. J. Doherty, Vice President and P. J. McCaffrey, Secretary. The "Register" wishes to commend the class on its wise selection and we hope the same good judgment will be shown in choosing the members of the class committee.

\* \* \*

It is interesting to note that several Latin School graduates some of whom were prominent editors on the "Register" have started a tutoring school for boys conditioned in school studies.

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(Continued from page 8)

### III

The constable and his deputy went  
straight to the cellar door and entered.  
They did not see Brown, for he was out  
by the hen yard with a shotgun on his  
knee, watching for chicken thieves. In  
the cellar they found a key. The Sheriff  
drew some implements from his pocket,  
and made a hole in the bottom of the  
keg. Turning to the grocer, he ex-  
plained, "Got to make sure this is the  
real stuff."

He surely was well prepared, for he  
drew from his pocket a large cup. He  
filled it and drank. So did the grocer.  
The liquid was still running out, and it  
would have been too bad to waste it, so  
they both drank and drank.

The boys soon reached the orchard.  
While the rest were busily engaged  
climbing cherry trees, the short stout  
boy took out his six-shooter. His part-  
ner took out the red ink.

Crack! went the branch of a tree some-  
one had broken. The new bank watch-  
man shivered with terror. He raised  
his gun above his head, and shut his  
eyes. Farmer Brown, his mind full of  
visions of chicken thieves, put his shot-  
gun to his shoulder. A shot rang out  
which seemed to come from three direc-  
tions at once: from the bank, from the  
henyard, and from the orchard. A  
heartrending shriek rang out as the tall  
fellow sank to the ground covered with  
red fluid.

"I have killed a man!" cried the  
watchman.

"My hands are stained with blood!"  
wept Brown, "but I thought I fired in  
the air."

He rushed to the boy, followed by the  
watchman.

"I declare you arrested in the name  
of the law," cried the sheriff, emerging



with his deputy from the cellar, much the worse for liquor.

At that moment a student appeared on the run, followed by the village doctor. As the doctor bent over the victim, the latter suddenly leaped up and disappeared on the run, followed by the fat boy. Then a great light dawned on the youths present and they too disappeared. The doctor rose, sniffed, and looked at the sheriff. The sheriff looked at the grocer. The grocer looked at the watchman. The watchman looked at Brown. Then they all looked at each other. The smell of liquor was strong, and they much resembled a gang who had been drinking. At that moment a voice cried,

"You sons of the devil," and they all looked at the stern face of the minister.

"Oh, *Father*," someone moaned.

\* \* \*

The next morning as the train drew out, a group of boys stood on the platform of the last car. A boy cried out:

"Did we have a good time?"

"I'll say we did!" answered a chorus of voices.

Thereupon the village heaved a sigh of relief, and settled down to another year of peace and quiet.

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## CLASS PHOTOGRAPHERS FOR LATIN SCHOOL 1918-1919

A Picture to remember our classmates by is a more treasured possession as the years widen the gap between us

## Special Rates to Students and Teachers

(Continued from page 6)

are being influenced by the treacherous ways of Bolshevism. Examine the question for yourself and you will see the utter fallacy of the thing. On one side are law, order, and the right to enjoy life surrounded by happiness; on the other, hate, lust, civil war, and a hell on earth. Which are you going to accept? The questions before the government are stupendous. Give it the opportunity and it will make order out of chaos.

It is for us to see that we allow no seed of Bolshevism to take root unknowingly in our own minds, and to pursue our duties in school and in the world with that same amount of steadfastness that has gone to make the name of the United States respected and looked up to.

(Continued from page 5)

"Did you have any difficulty making your way from Berlin?" he asked after a moment.

"None at all, Von Blenhiemer. My disguise was complete," replied Weston.

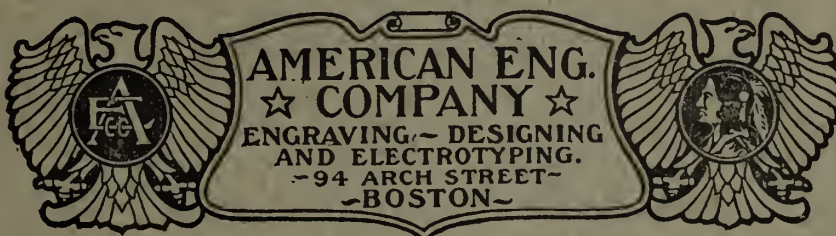
"You know my name; that speaks well for you. Franz will conduct you to your room, and we will discuss matters at luncheon." With a wave of his hand, Von Blenhiemer dismissed him and the waiting Franz conducted him to his room. Weston wondered at the ease with which Von Blenhiemer spoke English. It was perfect, but then, he reflected, he must have lived in this country for many years.

(To be continued.)

Why did Frederick Weston change his name? What had he to do with Von Blenhiemer?

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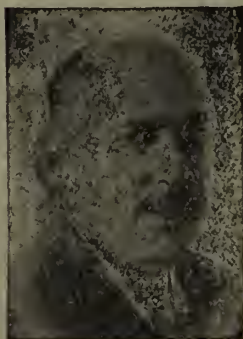
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